

About Plays
and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

ARTHUR HAMMERSTEIN, Otto Harbach and Rudolph Friml have entered into an agreement whereby Messrs. Harbach and Friml will write two musical comedies a year for five years to be produced by Mr. Hammerstein. The three have worked together successfully in the past. In connection with this announcement comes a statement that Marguerite Clark, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Lucille Lee Stewart and Elaine Hammerstein, all stars now, will return to the regular stage and appear in these Harbach-Friml productions. Miss Clark will be the first to have a role. She will sing the leading feminine part in a piece written by Mr. Harbach with her in mind.

DITTRICHSTEIN, NOV. 20.

Leo Dittrichstein, in his new play, "The King," will open an engagement at the George M. Cohan Theatre Tuesday evening, Nov. 20.

MISS PAINTER, NOV. 26.

Klaw & Erlanger have selected Eleanor Painter and her "Art and Opportunity" company as the attraction to follow George Arliss at the Knickerbocker Theatre under the management of Richard Lambert. Miss Painter will begin an engagement at that theatre Monday evening, Nov. 26. The cast will include Frank Mills, Grant Stewart, Cecil Yapp, Edward Douglas, Katherine Stewart and Martin Haydon.

WHO SAID "HARD TIMES?"

These may be hard times for the theatre, but according to Messrs. Dillingham & Ziegfeld "they ain't no such animal" around the Century. They state that last week "Miss 1917" beat all Century records for receipts. The theatre's first Sunday concert, given last night, attracted capacity.

TO ENTERTAIN SOLDIERS.

The Messrs. Shubert have arranged to let all the soldiers at Camp Upton attend Shubert theatres as their guests. The first contingent will be the 302d Engineers. This body of men will visit the Winter Garden Wednesday night to see "Doing Our Bit." They will make the round trip from Camp Upton by special train.

"LOSING ELOISE," SATURDAY.

"Losing Eloise," a farce by Fred Jackson, will be presented by Selwyn & Co. at the Harris Theatre next Saturday evening. The cast includes Charles Cherry, Violet Hemming, Lucille Watson, Francis Byrne and Charles Harbury. Edgar Selwyn staged it.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

My Aunt Lucinda's come to stay at our house for a while. My father's mad as he kin be an' yet he wears a smile whenever she comes in the room. Oh, he's as sweet as pie. You see, he's sleepin' on the floor because we're one bed shy. He'll say: "Lucinda, it's just great to see your happy face. But when she's out of sight he'll cuss and rant around the place until you'd think he'd lost his mind. Gee whis, the things he'll say! But when she talks of goin' home he'll beg of her to stay. My mother says he ought to be ashamed of how he acts. Then Dad will say: "You get her here. She's your guest. These are facts." He vows next time a visitor looms up he'll "S. O. R." the rest of us to head her off. We'll do it, too, I guess.

FILMS FOR SOLDIERS.

To help the Government give the soldiers in the various training camps recreation, the United States Soldiers' Photo-Play Association, has been formed with Lieut. Bernard Granville as President and Lee Shubert Vice President. Picture theatres will be opened in the camps and films will be supplied them. Public subscriptions will pay the expense attached to the operation of the plan, it is hoped.

"MR. HARRIGAN'S HEART."

Lina Abarbanel has a new comedy with music called "Mr. Harrigan's Heart." She may appear in it after the holidays.

GOSSIP.

Louise Huff's press agent writes us she is having seventeen gowns made all at once. Some press agent! And A. P., in a note, insists that Leon Trotsky, who's musing things up in Russia, looks like Brock Pemberton.

From our mail, also, we learn that the girls in "Jack o' Lantern" are to help win the war by eating jam only on Wednesday.

Then the Secretary of the Artcraft Club solemnly notifies us that the whole blamed bunch won "Chu Chin Chew" tickets on the election.

And now—hold tight! We learn that the Hip chorus girls will have nothing to do with stage door Johnnies Wednesday nights, as these are self-denial times.

After all of which we will state that a messenger boy has just loped in with a statement to the effect that the first extra Tuesday matinee of "Polly With a Past" will be pulled out to-morrow.

No, that's not all. Get this! A. T. W. notifies us that a Spanish nobleman has occupied a box seat at the Shubert every night for two weeks just to shoot sheep's eyes at Minna Valeria, the Spanish dancer of "Maytime." Dawson!

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

C. M.—Apply to the Shubert offices for chorus work.
B. Kip.—We wouldn't dare give a woman's age here, but you've got it about right.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Every time Sven Skogard of Minneapolis meets Walter C. Kelly he insists on telling "the Virginia Judge" negro dialect stories.

FOOLISHMENT.

"A coachman's like a cloud, I think," said little Johnny James.
And when they asked why, he said: "Because he holds the reins."

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"What grows bigger the moment you contract it?"
"What?"
"Debt."

"S'MATTER, POP?"



JOE'S CAR

He Had Forgotten That He'd Promised to Buy Another Set of Worries!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

It Takes Two to Make Some Quarrels—These Required Three!

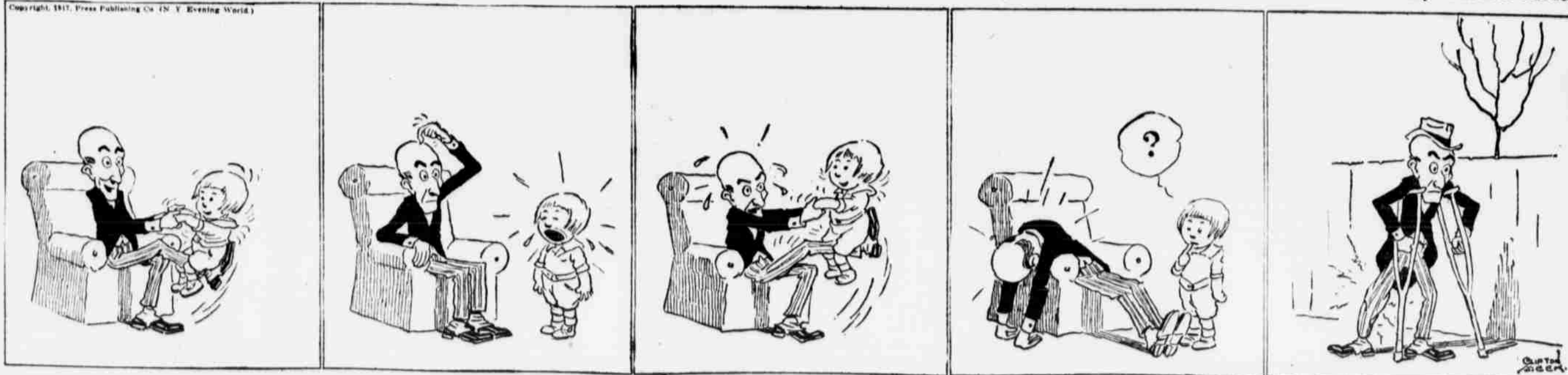
By Bud Counihan



BACHELOR BILL

His Weakness for His Married Friends' Children Is Principally in His Knees!

By Clifton Meek



The Day's Good Stories

FOREARMED.

"NOW, WILLIS," announced mother, "to-night we are going to entertain several of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries at dinner, and unless you can behave better than usual you will have to eat with Mary in the kitchen."

"I'll behave," asserted Willis, hastily. Mary's company was little to his liking.

The dinner progressed favorably. Willis lost his young heart to the genial guests and got along fine, with only an occasional error. But while waiting for dessert his gaze unfortunately wandered around the table. Every man, from his father down, had one or both elbows planted firmly on the cloth, while they listened to a friendly argument on ways and means.

"Elbows off!" shouted Willis, in a happy consciousness of virtue (for once). "We caught 'em that time,

ANOTHER MOLLYCODDLE.

"DO you play football?"
"N-no—that's too rough."
"Do you play baseball?"
"N-no—that's too exciting."
"Well, mebbe you tackle lawn tennis?"
"I have a weak heart."
"Towing?"
"Too dangerous."
"Well, for the Lord's sake, as you never play, what do you do in the way of work?"
"I—I work in a powder factory,"—Florida Times-Union.

THE PERFECT BLOCKADE.

ARTHUR W. JUNCH, a millionaire dyer, said in Cincinnati:
"Now we've cut all the neutrals. Germany is bound to fare as sparsely as the Schmidt family."

"Mrs. Schmidt, you know, took her large family of children to the city

one day, and when lunch time came she led them into a restaurant.
"Waiter," she said, "one sirloin steak and seven plates."

"The waiter gave a start. Then he bent over Mrs. Schmidt and whispered, respectfully:
"Beg pardon, madam, but if you and your family was to take that there table by the kitchen door and sniff hard, I think you'd get more of a meal."—Washington Star.

CALLED THE DEAL OFF.

"WILL you please examine this diamond," said a man who had stepped into a jeweler's shop, "and tell me what you think of it? If it is a good stone I think I will buy it."

The jeweler took the gem, which was unset, and looked at it critically. Then in confidential tones he said:
"Well, to tell you the truth, that isn't a very good stone. It hasn't much fire, it is badly cut and there is something here very much like a flaw." Then he held the diamond under a microscope and examined it carefully, finally observing: "No, it isn't exactly a flaw, but I shouldn't call it a perfect stone. Now, if you want something really fine I have here—"

"Excuse me," the other man interrupted. "I don't think I'll buy a diamond to-day. This is a diamond that one of your assistants let me take on

Saturday on approval. I deposited \$50 on it. Please let me have my money and we will declare the deal off."

—London Answers.

AND FATHER PAYS THE BILLS.

"HOW is Robert getting on at college?" asked the minister, who was being entertained at dinner.
"Splendidly," said the proud father, who then went on to tell of his son's various social, athletic and scholastic successes, and the minister said it was a fine thing to be college bred. That evening little James, who had been an interested listener, said: "Papa, what did Mr. Brown mean by college bred?"
"Oh, that," said papa, who had been looking over his son's bills, "is a four years' loaf."—Philadelphia Ledger.

ONE ON THE YANKEE.

The captain of the Golden Cross listened patiently to his Yankee passenger's account of his shooting abilities, then quietly remarked: "I don't think you could hit this bottle at twenty yards, placed on the taffrail, while the ship is heaving like this."

"I guess it would be just child's play."

"Well, I'll bet you a guinea you don't hit it three times out of six."

"It's a wager! Come along." The bottle was placed in position. Crack! The Yankee hit it, and it disappeared in fragments into the sea. "Trot out another one," said the marksman.

HER OFFICE.

"NOW," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from their honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or the vice president of the society?"
"I want to be neither president nor vice president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

BAEK TO EARTH.

"I had a friend who had been pretty prosperous," she answered. "I know that the latest automatic safety devices are excellent things; but impossible is a large word."

was pretty close to being busted, but he was still hoping. Then he hooked his horn, mournfully, and drove away, and we didn't see him again till the other day when we bumped into him on the street.

"Hello, old scout!" we said. "How are things breaking now?"
"Fine," he answered. "I'm on my feet again."

NOTHING TO RUN INTO.

"WHEN I was in the railroad business," said Chauncey M. Depew once, "The President of a small line waited on me to request an exchange of courtesies. I interrogated him, and he said proudly: 'On our line, sir, not only has a collision never occurred, but on our line a collision would be impossible.'"

"Impossible?" said I. "Oh, come! I know that the latest automatic safety devices are excellent things; but impossible is a large word."

"It's literally true with us, sir," he replied.

"How can it be?" said I.
"Why," said he, "we own only one train."—Railway Employees' Magazine.

TAUGHT A LESSON.

A GERMAN merchant in London had insured his house for £2400. The house burned down and the insurance company's representative came to him and said: "Your house was old and dilapidated; it was not worth £2400. We will give you £300—or build you a bigger and better house."

The merchant was very angry; he wanted the £2400. However, he eventually thought it wise to take the £300. Whereupon the insurance man, with the pertinacity of his kind, suggested that, having settled that little matter satisfactorily, the merchant might do further business. Would he insure it? No, why not? "I will tell you why not," he replied. "I insure my wife for £400. Ven she die you come to me to say, 'Your wife was old and dilapidated, she was not worth £400. We will give you £300—or a bigger and better wife.'"

—London Notes.